

LETTERS FROM BOURBON COUNTY SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

Mrs. G. F. Collins, of Scott avenue, received the following letter recently from her husband, Private G. F. Collins, who is in France with the American Expeditionary Forces:

"Dear Wife: I am very well at the present time and am getting along all right now. I had a few hard days, but things are better now. I have seen lots of this country (France) since leaving the States. I would have written to you sooner, but I had the hardest kind of time in getting hold of paper and envelopes, and we have been moving about so much. Honestly, I haven't been in one place long enough to write. I don't think I will have an opportunity to write very often now, for I am near the front, and I rather think I will have something else to think about. Have the boys been drafted into the service yet? I suppose they have closed the factory about this time. I have been transferred from the infantry to the machine gun company. I will have some hard work to do, but that is nothing more than I expected, and am willing to do my duty, whatever it is and wherever it is, in the very best way I can—and that's the only way a Kentuckian knows how to do anything—to do it right and do it well and do it so it counts. The time has come now when I can do something for my country, and that country shall never have it to say that I failed to respond. From what we learn over here I am going to get to see you in a few months at the very least. I am getting plenty of good, wholesome food and plenty of work, and have no complaint. Uncle Sam is mighty, mighty good to his boys, and that is the reason they are working themselves on this job of putting the Hun out of business. Well, I guess this is about all I will get a chance to write this time, but I will try to steal a little more time for the next one. Tell all the folks not to worry about me, for, like tens of thousands of other boys in this country, I am getting along all right. My address now is as follows: Machine Gun Co., 356th Infantry, American Expeditionary Force, France. With love, I am,

"FRANK."

Mr. Henry J. Santen, of Scott avenue, recently received the following letter from his son, Bernard J. Santen, formerly of Paris, who is now in the service somewhere overseas. The letter was written on Sept. 27. In it Mr. Santen says, in part:

"I have just received your letter written Sept. 8th, and I was glad for I had come to the conclusion that something was wrong as I had not heard from home but once since leaving the South, outside of the letter from Sister, which was received Thursday night. I can't imagine what ever became of the one you wrote from Dan Jordan's, as it, like the box from Harry James' was certainly mailed in plenty of time to have reached me before we left the States.

"This is the third camp I have been in since arriving here, but we are at last settled, and will be here until the time comes for us to leave for the front, which will be as soon as we have finished our training with the French 75's, which are the kind we use. Our first camp was at (deleted by the censor) where we arrived on Sept. 8, and we were there until Sept. 25th. We marched from (deleted by the censor) to this place, a distance of twenty-two miles, in six hours actual marching, and I wasn't one bit tired when the journey was over, as I am getting stronger every day, and can stand twice as much as I could before leaving home. I now weigh one hundred and sixty-eight pounds and am getting heavier every month. So, tell Henry and Herman to look out when I come back, as I will be prepared to give them a hard scrap, which I would not have been able to do before going into the army.

"This is a fine camp, and is fixed up with nice barracks. We have straw mattresses to sleep on, placed on iron cots, and the best I have had since leaving Camp Taylor. We have also nice hot showers where one can take a nice hot bath, so, all in all, I like the place just fine, and am perfectly contented with everything. We are getting our first lessons with the guns, and I do hope I can fit myself for a position on the gun squad, as I want to be where I know each shot that I help to send into the Germans is making the time shorter for a glorious triumph for Uncle Sam. Of course, anything I would do would be helping that, but I just want to be where I will be in some active part of the game all the time.

"If you will go to the Red Cross at home you can find out if anything can be sent out now for Christmas, and if it can be done, then I would like to have a box with some good things to eat in it, and some Sonades, so please find out what can be done. I have plenty of woolen clothes to do me this winter—three sweaters, a helmet, and four pairs of woolen socks. We will no doubt be here a couple of months more or less, and then we will be ready for action. All of us are wishing for a chance to show the stuff we are made of. As we are not permitted to tell very much, you will have to guess the best you can about where I am, and what is going on. The more I see of France the better I like it, and the further inland we go the prettier the country becomes. But at that I would not trade an acre of good old Kentucky bluegrass land for the whole of it, and I believe that is the opinion of all the boys.

"Tell all who ask about me that I am in the very best of health, contented and happy, and that it won't be so very long before it is all over and we will be coming back home, after having licked old Kaiser Bill and his bunch to a frazzle. With love to all, and especially to mother

and yourself—but, wait a minute—were you on the right side of the ball games, or were you a Cub rooster? Good night, dad, and love to all.

"Lovingly Yours,
"FVTE. BERNARD J. SANTEN,
"Battery B., 149th N. L. F. A., American E. F., Via New York."

From the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, where he is stationed in a clerical capacity in the main office of the Administration Building, Jas. M. Templin, formerly of Paris, writes to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Templin, in this city under date of October 19, as follows:

"Dear Father and Mother—All of the boys but one have gone out on shore leave and I thought there would be no better time than the present to write you while all is quiet. The Great Lakes Naval Bands have all returned to the Station, and when I was coming down to work this morning I was much surprised to meet these consolidated bands forming one great band of five hundred pieces, and take it straight from me they made 'some music.' They all marched down in front of the Administration Building, where the usual flag-raising was carried out. I think it was one of the most beautiful and inspiring sights I have witnessed since I have been here, to see Old Glory going up while the great band played patriotic airs, and in all directions the sailors stood as still as statues, at salute. I tell you it makes those queer funny feelings travel your spinal column. Unless you are in uniform you can't appreciate what that flag stands for, and we consider it a privilege to fight for it and back it with every ounce of our being. The boys back home don't know what they are missing, for, some day the soldiers and sailors are coming back home and then we will see who has that funny feeling. I'll venture to say that it won't be the sailors and the soldiers.

"One of my friends by the name of Carrington left this morning for a six-days' furlough. He brought over a big cake and a box of candy for me to stand sponsor for in his absence. I assured him that I would do it justice, and that all I asked was for a fair trial. He lives in Detroit, Mich., and is an expert accountant, and one of the finest chums I have run across. Work has been unusually heavy the past few days, as we have sent out about three thousand men as firemen, machinist mates, quartermaster and second-class aviation, londsman, electricians, third-class and hospital apprentices. In fact, there has been a heavy drain on the Station from five of our naval bases.

"Everything in Chicago and Milwaukee has been closed up on account of the influenza scare, but the Station as a whole is practically free of the disease. There is a serum which the army and navy are using which is said to practically eliminate the disease, but the unusual part of it is that if an overdose is given it will merely make the patient sick, but if an underdose is injected it is apt to prove as fatal as the disease itself. So you see it is quite a job for the doctors to judge accurately the requirements for each patient.

"Well, it is now nine o'clock, or six bells by naval time, and as I hear the tramp of the office employees passing along the hall by my door on their way to the barracks, I must now close, and put off to the future what I shall have to write. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

"Your Devoted Son,
"JAS. M. TEMPLIN."

Mrs. Charles D. Tackett, of Paris, has received a letter from her son, Private Charles Tackett, of Paris, who has been in France for some time. Mr. Tackett was for some time assistant ticket agent at the Louisville & Nashville office in Paris. In his letter, which was undated, he says:

"Dearest Mother: Well, here I am still somewhere in France, and still without an address. I can't say when I expect to have one, but let us hope it will be some time in the near future. It seems years since I have heard from you or any of my friends.

"Mother, I am real lucky in seeing boys that I knew in the States. Today I saw a couple of fellows that I chummed with when I was at Ft. Thomas, and I also saw an old friend that went to the M. M. I. the same time I did. But I saw him in England, not here. It sure does make a fellow feel good to talk to an old friend. The part of France I am now in is sandy and it has been raining all the time, but still we are very comfortable, and we have no complaint to make. Mother, I carry all the letters that I have received from you in my shirt, and if I have read them once I have read them a hundred times, and I expect to read them a good many more times. I guess the new draft will get a good many of the boys and many men from around Paris, and that they are beginning to go to the camps by now. I don't think they'll ever see service over here, for the Germans are beaten, and badly beaten now, but it is going to take those squareheads about three months to find it out after all the rest of the world knows it to be a fact. They are surely a wooden-headed bunch. I guess you see a lot of peace talk in the papers, but I do not believe peace will be made on paper. The only way will be to fight it out, and that won't take much longer. It would not surprise me if the war is over by the time you receive this letter, and by Spring our troops will begin to return to America. The next time Edward comes over tell him to tell Mr. W. V. Shaw that his former assistant will soon be back ready to take up the old job. Mother, when I get my address I will write to you as soon as

possible, so that you can answer, as I will be anxious to hear from you. Give all my friends my best regards, and tell them I would like to write to each one of them, but that would of course be impossible. Well, there comes the bugle call, so I will have to close. With love, I am
"Devotedly Yours,
"CHARLES."

Mrs. W. H. Fisher, of this city, is in receipt of the following letter from her son, Capt. Neville Fisher, a former member of the Bourbon county bar, who enlisted in the service of Uncle Sam while engaged in the practice of law in St. Louis. The letter bears date of Sept. 24, and is a very interesting one. The letter follows:

"Dearest Mother: It has been several weeks since I had an opportunity to write to you, but these have been rather eventful weeks. I went 'over the top' with the company on September 12th in the great American advance, known as the battle of St. Mihiel salient. I think our company went into the fight under the most trying circumstances of any organization engaged. We had been holding an important sector of the front line for more than a week in trenches knee-deep in mud and water. After midnight we were relieved from this position and marched to another place where we were to jump off.

"We arrived after the preparatory bombardment had started and took up our positions, where we had a four hours' wait in the mud and rain. The scenes following are never to be forgotten. The flashes from hundreds of guns lit up the clouded skies like sheet lightning, and the noise resembled a violent thunderstorm. Shortly before five o'clock the barrage behind which the infantry was to march was laid down on the enemy's front line, and the rattle of machine guns firing over our heads for additional protection began. At five o'clock we moved out. I had intended to march between the two lines of the company, but in the noise, darkness and confusion it became necessary for me to go forward and lead the boys. So I had the honor of leading them over the top of the enemy's trenches.

"We were soon fired up for a few minutes, but we soon closed in on it and took its crew prisoners. I am not permitted to make any report of the casualties. I suppose we should have killed those machine gunners, as that is the custom where they hold out to the last, but we spared them, and I cannot say that I am sorry for it. From there we pressed on through the woods, meeting little opposition, but being always exposed to the fire of the German artillery. During the day the company took over one hundred prisoners. About two nights later we had a miraculous escape, but I cannot give details. I cannot yet understand how it was possible that we returned alive, except that Providence was on our side.

"During the first day I rammed a piece of barbed wire in my hand, but outside of that I have been unscratched. I had always heard that when the pinch came I would show a yellow streak a mile wide, but fortunately I was composed and was not conscious of fear or danger. I suppose it was because my mind was so occupied by other things that I did not have time to realize my own danger. I am so hampered by the censorship rules that I cannot write of the incidents as I should like to. I am sending you a clipping from The Stars and Stripes, an army paper, which will give you a general description of the battle. It was a great experience, and I am glad that I had a chance to take part in it. I wish you would send the clipping to Eva, as this is the only copy of the paper I have. The Americans have been much complimented on their victory, and deservedly so. Our division was especially distinguished.

"I am writing this by candle light in a captured German dugout, and even now the artillery is banging away on both sides. I would like to see Owen Fisher, and will try to look him up as soon as I get a chance. I have already lost the address you gave me. We have been through many physical discomforts since the first of September, but are more comfortable at present. Outside of a few minor ailments I am all right. I want a bath and a change of underwear this afternoon, and as this was the first one in about three weeks I feel much improved. I hope you are all well and that before many months I will be back with you again. With a world of love to you all, I am,

"Affectionately Yours,
"NEVILLE C. FISHER,
"Captain 355th Infantry, American Expeditionary Force, France."

MICKIE SAYS

NO, SIR, MICHAEL O'BRIEN YOU CAN'T GO DOWN TO THE TRAIN TO GATHER NEWS ITEMS FOR THE PAPER, FOR YOU'RE GOING TO CHURCH WITH ME. I SHOULD THINK YOU'D GET ENOUGH OF THAT PRINTING OFFICE DURING THE WEEK WITHOUT HAVING IT ON YOUR MIND ALL DAY SUNDAY!



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Comings and Goings of Our People Here, There and Elsewhere.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Fuller, of Dayton, Ohio, are in Paris for a visit to relatives.
—Mr. John Skillman, of the North Middletown vicinity, is ill with grippe at his home.

—Mrs. W. A. Wallen has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Nannie B. Hart, in Midway.

—Miss Katie Napier has returned from a visit to Miss Nadine McClure, at Crab Orchard Springs.

—Judge H. Clay Howard is in New York City on a business mission. He will be gone several weeks.

—Charles R. Walls and Elmer Boardman have returned from an extended stay at Dawson Springs.

—Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Hurst have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Williams, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

—Miss Lutie Crowe has returned to her home in this city until the influenza ban is lifted at Berea College, where she has been attending school.

—Mr. Richard H. Wills has returned from a business trip to Eastman, Georgia. Mr. Wills recently sent a large consignment of horses to the stock market at that place.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Higgins have returned from Dayton, Ohio, where they have been residing several months, and are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. Higgins, near this city.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wolford Ewalt and little son, Wolford Ewalt, Jr., of Stoner avenue, and Mrs. Samuel Ewalt, have gone to Johnson City, Tenn., for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wolford.

—Mr. Joseph M. Hall has returned from St. Joseph's Hospital, in Lexington, where he has been a patient for several weeks. Mr. Hukill underwent an operation at the institution some time ago for appendicitis.

—Mrs. Wm. C. Ferguson, who has been a guest of relatives in this city and county, has returned to her home in Atlanta, Ga., called there by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. John W. Pridemore, of Hutchison.

—Miss Genevieve Mahaney, formerly of Paris, who is now a resident of Washington City, is a guest of friends and relatives in this city. Miss Mahaney holds a position in the War Department at the National Capital.

—Mrs. Nellie Holliday Valentine, who has been a guest at the homes of her sisters, Mrs. George W. Judy, on Twelfth street, and Misses Holliday, on Eighth street, will leave tomorrow for her home in New York City.

—Prof. J. S. Johnson, formerly principal of the Paris High School, now residing in Tennessee, was a visitor in Paris this week. Prof. Johnson was enroute from his former home, Decatur, Ill., where he had been to make arrangements for moving to his new home in the South.

—William Hostetter, Clem Demaree, Richard McCready and George Young, members of the Winchester Boy Scouts, paid Paris a visit Tuesday, making the trip on foot. They were accompanied by Prof. Murphy, their Scoutmaster. The party spent the afternoon in sight-seeing, and returned to Winchester over the L. & N. Tuesday night.

(Other Personals on Page 5.)

WHAT TO EAT WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD.

Prevalence of influenza in Washington, D. C., has meant that something must be done towards feeding those confined to their rooms with no one to care for them. The experimental kitchen of the United States Food Administration has promptly gone about this work, sending out quantities of soup, custards, milk and crackers every day.

These are just such foods as one should eat during the first stages of a cold. The fact that colds may turn into something worse, especially during such an epidemic as the present, should be sufficient warning to any one to call a doctor at once and be careful to eat properly, that the cold may be quickly thrown off.

During the first few days eat a light laxative diet of low fuel value, letting hot lemonade or orangeade, broths or gruels with crisp baked potatoes, mild stewed fruits and vegetables and milk be the chief articles of diet. This should be followed with a diet of ordinary fuel value and then as soon as the cold seems to be "broken," by one of higher fuel value than usual so as to aid the body in recovering.

SEEING THE SIGNS OF APPROACHING DISSOLUTION!

Geneva, Switzerland, Oct. 24.—Peace must not be delayed a single day on account of the Hohenzollerns if they are an obstacle to it, declares the Volks Freund, of Karlsruhe, which also is permitted to speak of the disappearance of the superstitious belief that the Emperor was chosen to rule by divine right.

The Schwabische Takwacht says everybody is convinced the allies will not accord Germany a cheap peace, "but if the glory and power of Imperial Germany is the price, the German people are ready to pay."

In permitting such items to leave Germany the German censorship apparently is preparing public opinion for coming events.

TURKEY PRICES TO SOAR.

Substitution of chickens, ducks and geese for the Thanksgiving Day turkeys in order to supply the men of the army and navy with turkey dinners is urged on the public by market experts. The Government has contracted for the entire supply of cold storage turkeys. It is said, and has also arranged to purchase most of the fresh killed fowls.

Consumers who insist upon turkey for their Thanksgiving dinners will be compelled to take their chances in a scanty market, and the prices, it is predicted, will soar sky high.



The Autumn Welworths Are Here---and the Price is Still Unchanged

—Here's an announcement of which we are justly proud, for it evidences many things about which a real service-giving store has a right to feel proud.

—First, it stresses the point that we will keep prices as low as we can as long as we can.

—Second, it proves the benefit to the consumer of our intimate co-operation with worthy manufacturers.

—Thirdly, it exemplifies a style service, which brings us the new styles first, the same styles on the same day as they first appear in the recognized style centers of the country.

These Welworths are still priced at \$2.00. They now and for many months past have represented values that would warrant a much higher price. Before the end of the present year the price must inevitably be increased to \$2.50.

WE ARE SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THIS CITY OF THE WELWORTH AND WIRTHMOR—THE THRIFT BLOUSES OF AN ENTIRE NATION.

WOLF, WILE & CO.
LEXINGTON, KY.

TO THE FARMERS

of Bourbon County

We Invite All Farmers of Bourbon County to See the Wonderful

CLEVELAND

TRACTOR

If you are interested in better and more economical farming, come in and see what this little wonder is doing for others.

We Can Demonstrate it to You Any Day

C. S. BALL GARAGE
Cor. Fourth and Pleasant St.